The devil you know

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The devil you know

by CrazyEyesChick

Summary

Alternate ending of the exchange between Will and Hannibal in the prison before his fated escape with Will. What if Hannibal had asked something a bit more personal out of Will in exchange for his help. Will's mind might think this is a bad idea, but perhaps his heart and alligance lie somewhere else. Jack is a douchebag in this story, cuz I don't like him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I don't own nothing.

This story is not beta read

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‘ You want me to what?’ exclaimed Will, dumbfounded.

Will had to adjust his hearing because he wasn’t sure if he had heard Jack Crawford properly. But knowing Jack, it was exactly what he had heard. His jaw clenched at the audacity of the man to ask such a thing from him after everything’s that happened. The room in which Alana, jack and himself resided in at the moment felt as if a cold mist had entered, leaving all of them cold.

Will never appreciated the ambiance of the Baltimore hospital for the criminally insane, even though he was not the one incarcerated this time. It made his skin crawl even more so now that Jack asked THAT out of him.

‘You heard me. You wanted to use Hannibal as bait to capture the Red Dragon by faking his escape, well there you have it. Nothing is ever free with that man, did you really think this would have been different?’

‘So it’s justifiable that I whore myself out to Lecter because it was my plan we chose to enact to get you what you want Jack? You haven’t changed a bit! I can’t believe I came back to help you with this!’ His voice was low and dangerous, but Jack stood firm, staring intensely into the white of Will’s slitted eyes. His nostrils flared, his green eyes fiery, blazing with outrage. Not only his help had cost him his relationship, but it also had played with his mind in regards to Lecter’s motives for him. Internally, he cringed knowing that although his mind was totally against seeing his old friend again, his heart flickered in hope at their long awaited reunion. But what Lecter was asking of him now; to consume him in the most intimate way, was sometimes that evaded his senses.

The profiler had figured before that Hannibal loved him in a platonic way, but now it seemed to have evolved into a grey area for him. He trembled at the thought. Was he ready to face this or would he lose himself in this overwhelming man and never escape his hold again. Will thought this move reckless. Jack definitely didn't think this through and what it implied for his ex profiler. Once again, Jack wanted to use Will for his own end. It enraged Will even more so to fall prey to this old rhyme.

In the corner, clicks of heels echoed revealing a slender woman walking towards both men. Alana looked at them as they glared at each other. Her arms were crossed, but her keen eyes were calculating, assessing the situation. She had told Jack bringing Will back had been a mistake that could cost him. Nothing persuaded the man who was unmoving as a rock on the matter.

‘ Jack, I don't think you are thinking this straight. Surely you have acknowledged by now not to trust Hannibal Lecter with Will's safety. Haven't you learned anything from the last 3 years!' Her tone was threatening, barely making the bold man flinch. Will appreciated the attempt for trying to persuade Jack. He smiled thinking her braver than he was, at her survival against Hannibal.

Jack frowned, clearly unhappy to be outnumbered. He pushed until he would get what he wanted. Hannibal dead with the Dragon. Will's fate remained undecided and untouched for now. Jack learned that when Hannibal was concern, Will's allegiance were divided. He couldn't fully trust him.

‘Look here. Families are dying Will. People are dying and they are at risk simply by having the Dragon at large. We all want revenge on Lecter. You should understand the stakes here, especially since your wife and stepson were victims of the Dragon as well, courtesy of Hannibal I might add. If you do this, we can kill two birds with one stone'

‘The Dragon targeted my family because you dragged me back in Hannibal's radar! I have a wife and now thanks to you, a crumbling marriage, because you couldn't do this yourself in the first place. I retired for a reason Jack! Hannibal did me enough damage to last me a lifetime, and yet, you want me to sleep with Hannibal Lecter and expose myself, just so you get his approval to be bait! What is wrong with you Jack, haven't I sacrificed enough for you?'

Jack looked as if he had been slapped with the truth. Will skin was flushed and warm. He was fidgeting too much, trying to regain his composure. Jack was his friend, but it didn't stop him from treating Will like a lamb ready for slaughter.

'I know it's difficult for you, but there's a bigger picture here! I thought you would have understood what's at stake here!'

Will choked a laugh: 'I know what! But I don't think you do Jack. Not anymore...!' Alana watched their argument unfold and couldn't help feel a pang of hurt inside her.

In fact, there was nothing more she wanted than wanting Hannibal out of the picture. Alas, she had worked very hard to keep William Graham separated from Hannibal. She was no fool. She wasn't blinded by the truth that lied in front of her about their bond. Will might have not realized it, but she knew. She knew the only way for them to get Hannibal to say yes was to send Will to him as a show of good faith. Will was the object of desire to the Ripper; the only thing that made the serial killer's act falter. Hannibal loved the man, which perhaps was a reason why he hated Will so much for his betrayal. Love and hate were strong emotional states mutually intertwined.

Regardless, that didn't mean what they asked of Will was politically correct. She walked casually towards Jack, her stature unfaltering. Her gaze switched to Will's

'Will, I know it's hard to accept, but if there's someone out there that can make him sway him our way...it's you. I won't lie by saying it isn't dangerous, but it might be our only way.

Will sighed, his fists struggling to stay at his sides. Alana was right. It hurt to think he might have no choice in the matter. It stung to allow Hannibal this little thing.

'He wants us to know he still controls every outcomes even from behind bars. And we're letting him have his way….again. You realize this, no?'

His body might have been scarred by that man, but it never belonged to him. It was still Will's own. Will's expression fell as he remembered that was the only thing left untouched by Hannibal he could go back too.

Jack inhaled, breathing in some air. He sat down on the forgotten chair near the center table, pinching his nose in impatience.

‘ I’m at the end of the rope here Will. We all need the Dragon and Hannibal dead here. I want results and we’ve gone too far already to let it all go to waste. Don't let the trauma to your family go to waste.’

Will closed the gap between them as his hand slapped the table in anger. His teeth clenched, gritting he said: ‘Don’t you bring them into this Jack!

‘I know. Just- We all have done things that we arent proud of. What’s once more? No one would have to know’

‘HOW DARE YOU -!!’ He fumed at this prosperous suggestion. The tension was electrifying. Will was out of breath, his chest heaving, his face burning like hellfire.

‘Come on, he clearly wants to be in your pants, so just let him. Honestly, I always believed your relationship to be above professionalism. I never questioned it back then, because it grounded you and I thought you were I don’t know...into this sort of thing. But now, I feel you were never honest with me about what you both did together...I would have done it myself, but he’s asked for your ass, not mine. So suck it up Graham, and do what must be done!

‘JACK’ interceded the slim woman with shorter hair. Her feminine voice boomed inside the confined wall of the dark office. The tension was suffocating.

Will cringed, his fists clenched tightly, his trimmed nails scratching the inside of his palm drawing blood.

All he wanted to do was punch Jack’s smug face. The nerve he had to just throw him like this to the wolf currently waiting to devour his flesh. It enraged the profiler to see the extent of what his old boss would do to get revenge. The agent had no idea what it took from Will’s

sanity to get close to Lecter; and to assume they ever got involved sexually with each other was….

Imcompassable…. Yet a small voice in his head kept whispering how sweet it could have been to just slip into the engulfing darkness of his ex psychiatrist. He shook his head in denial. He could not think about this now.

Since his return to the field with the Tooth Fairy case, it had been harder to ignore Hannibal's influence. The gloomy part of his soul called to Lecter's, as if he was his salvation. Can't live with him, can't live without him had said the insolent Bedelia.

Jack was way in over his head, if he thought he had leverage over this man.

For a while, the atmosphere was dry and cold, neither Jack or Will backed down from this argument. If things didn't settle down, there would be no plan to act out. Pragmatic as she was, the dark haired woman went back to the problem at hand.

Putting her slender fingers on their shoulders to ground then, her softer tone appeased their thundering moods as she felt them relax for the moment.

'Will I understand this must be hard for you, but you gotta make a choice' Will tilted his head in question, sensing a but coming. As for Jack he knew better than to interrupt this new assertive Alana.

She took a breath, her facial expression serious ' Whatever you choose' she halted her speech when she heard a peep.

From the corner of her eye, she saw the large black man faise to her words. Her cold glare shut him up straight, allowing her to continue 'you have to decide fast, our window of opportunity is closing and I doubt the lion in the cage will be generous for much longer'

‘There’s no way around it, is there? There was nothing else he could have wanted?’ asked Will to Alana.

She smile apologetically, lowering her end in guilt : ‘I’m afraid not. He was fairly insistent that he wanted you to ask him for help and say please. He...was very forward about uh...what he wanted from you. I’m sorry Will…’

Will silently moved to the door. The dimmed light of the corridor shadowing his harsh features. He resigned himself to his fate, unsure of what would happen. Gathering his courage, he raised his head: ‘I’ll do it, but be aware that I’m really not alright with this. No one, and I mean NO ONE is to know of this, especially Molly and Wally. Once...o-once it’s done, we don’t talk about this. Ever! Or Hannibal will be the least of your problems. Understand?’ His voice was collected, but dripped with venom.

Alana nodded while Jack smiled triumphantly.

His next words were aimed at Jack, before he went past the threshold to deal with the devil. He swore he saw Jack, unmovable Jack, flinch at the rage behind those killer eyes.

‘ and Jack, remember: this is on you…’ He paused for effect, his stare never leaving his superior’s for a second. ‘So whatever comes next, I hope you’re ready to deal with the consequences. I might not be as understanding as last time.’

‘Will...’ Jack murmured under his breath. Will didn't turn around. He only said in the emptiness of the room: ‘You’re no better than him...’ and he left his present company contemplate his response.

TBC... (next chapter the sexy emcounter, nothing is ever so simple)

Let the devil in

Chapter Summary

Hannibal finally gets Will where he wanted all these years ago, only Will isn't too sure where he stands now. With what he knows of Hannibal, it becomes harder for him to disconnect from what he feels for him.

Chapter Notes

Here is the update you have been waiting for. Sorry for the long wait guys! Enjoy. As always comments and kudos are welcomed. It was supposed to be a short chapter, oh well got lost in translation ahah

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER 2: LET THE DEVIL IN

Disclaimer: I own nothing of Hannibal.

When Will was lead to Dr Lecter's glass cell once again, he was accompanied by two straight faced orderlies to make sure his safety was assured. But Will knew better. It was also to make sure he didn't suddenly change his mind and free Lecter on a whim.

Once they arrived, they were greeted by a conceited looking Hannibal. The two large men dressed in white patted WIll all over to make sure there was nothing on him that could make it to Lecter. Lecter was a cunning man, there was no doubt in his ability to turn anything into a deadly weapon. They never approached the cage, which led him to believe they had already checked Hannibal for weapons and warned him to behave. Will shrugged at the pathetic attempt, knowing he had nothing to fear from Hannibal, except perhaps his vile tongue.

'Lecter, please step away from the entrance to your cell and remain close to the wall, where we can see you' one orderly said in a commanding tone. Will smiled when he saw Hannibal

retreat to the far end of his cell, his hands held in a mocking manner, his teeth bared in challenge.

Security around him was never that tight before when he consulted the first time for the Red Dragon case. This was different though, he was walking right into the lion's den, unharmed.

A bead of sweat rolled off his forehead in nervousness. He gulped down a lump in his throat as he felt warm under the piercing gaze of the predator currently trapped in the glass cell. Was it anticipation he felt? It couldn't, he had never felt attracted to Lecter before, but now that he could see him, it was harder to disconnect from the man who had opened his mind to the darkness. Still, he had a job to do. Whatever would happen, he would have to wait and see.

Not afraid anymore, the profiler moved closer the the entrance, waiting for the staff to unlock the cage for him to step in. He could stifle a chuckle at how many locks there were on this single cell. He always found it funny, like anything could contain the beast. Alana was truly paranoid, with reason though.

The door opened slowly. Honestly, it felt like the longest moment of Will's life. This was it. The culminating moment Hannibal had been waiting for. Will was the lamb left for slaughter. His head twisted towards the sound behind the glass, muffled slightly by the plastic glass.

'Mister Graham, we've been told to wait for you on the other side of the door. Once you are...done, please shout and we will come get you.' Then the man turned towards Lecter, glaring at him ' As for you Mister Lecter, we ask you to behave. Miss Bloom will have eyes on you.

Hannibal quirked a smile ' I don't doubt Miss Bloom's interest in the proceedings. I will be on my best behavior, Clarence. Misster Graham has nothing to worry about from me'

Yeah right.

As the men were leaving, Will felt compelled to warn them of what would be heard. It was enough Alana would watch his every move in there, he didn't want anyone stumbling on him

being fucked by Lecter.

‘Wait’ The two dark skinned men halted their march. Will continued, never once lifting his stare from Hannibal’s hungry one. ‘ Whatever you hear or see in here, whether it’s pain cries or… Well, you stay put. Unless I specifically call for you, you will not cross that door.’ he said, sternly, his index finger pointing to the door giving access to where Lecter’s cell was. He knew Alana was watching him with keen eyes from the projector. He hoped she got the message too.

‘But, sir! We-’ exclaimed in panic one of the guards. He was sure Alana told them to keep an eye on him. If they were to gain Lecter’s trust, he had to let him do what he wanted. He spared a glance where the camera was, locking on it.

‘But nothing. That’s my terms, and you will stick to them or I leave. Then, you can explain to Jack why Lecter is not helping us. Am I understood? threatened Will. He could sense the cannibal snicker at the back.

After a moment, they left him alone to deal with their most dangerous inmate.

With careful steps he approached Lecter up to a certain point, making sure to keep a good safe distance from the man. Hannibal was known to have bite to him, and he sure as didn't want to lose anything body parts today. Hannibal met him pace for pace, until they both were in face of each other.

He could feel those maroon eyes settle on his body, observing and calculating. Those thin pursed lips puckered up, a pale tongue swiping across them lightly in promise. Shivers ran through his spine. He shrugged the sentiment off, not letting anything showed on his face. He too had learned to hide under a carefully constructed mask.

‘Hello again, Doctor Lecter’ said Will in a cold tone.

‘Ah Will, I can’t say I’m not glad to see you again’ gleed the other.

There was no time to let Hannibal get into his head once again, not after sending a killer after his family. His fists clenched and unclenched. He was not afraid of eye contact anymore, not afraid to lose himself in that dark place that his Hannibal. He too could play.

‘This is not a social call, Hannibal’ said Will, his stature calm like his mind was at the moment. He had to admit it felt good to let go, not restrained to keep up pretenses anymore. There was no point doing it with Hannibal.

‘Shame, I do enjoy your visits’ said nonchalantly the cannibal.

Will knew Hannibal was a vindictive individual and never did anything without a purpose. In a sense, he understood why Hannibal had done it, especially since he gave himself up to the FBI simply to have Will come and see him. Will had denied him this pleasure, of course Hannibal would have used his agency outside to punish him for his trespasses. Two things had plastered itself in his head.

Hannibal loves me and his claiming me in every sense of the word

This thought twisted something in his gut. It made him feel uneasy.

‘Then, you shouldn’t have sent a killer after my wife and son’ retorted Will.

‘On the contrary, it insured that you would visit me again, dear Will. You had made it clear you wouldn’t come see me again, after your last visit.’ said Hannibal with a pang of hurt in his voice.

‘That’s an understatement!’ Hannibal purposefully riled him up. He liked to see him lose control. Hannibal took a step forward, while Will took one backwards.

‘Again, to what do I owe this visit, if you resent me so blunderingly, hmm?’ tormented Hannibal, his fingers ghosting over the edge of the large metal table at the centre almost like

a lover's touch. Will's cock twitch in his pants. At that moment, he couldn't avoid how Hannibal's nostrils flared in delight at the sweet scent assault his senses.

'Don't play dumb Hannibal. We both know you're smarter than that. You know why I'm here'

'Yes. Nevertheless that doesn't stop me from wishing to hear you say it from your sinful lips'

Will ignored Hannibal's traitorous words, focusing on his goal, but it was hard with being so close to this man. This man who knew him so deeply, intimately. He found it fastidious to separate himself from Hannibal's sway over him.

'You knew I would come here' he simply stated as a matter of fact, collected.

'I anticipated, but fate keeps bringing us together, it seems' Hannibal's voice was soft, but held a hint of nostalgia to it.

'Your influence is very far from a divine intervention Hannibal. It has nothing to do with fate, and more to do with good agency' Will retorted.

'Ah how 'I've longed for our conversations Will...although, I certainly did not miss that horrid aftershave' chuckled darkly the other man dressed in his hospital onesie.

Will stood still, rooted to his spot, when a warm hand settled on his bony hip, just above the hem of his jeans. He closed his eyes when his ears were tickled by the soft strands of ash blonde hair of the man poised behind him, smelling him deeply.

Will grew restless by the minute, he had to get away from here and do this before vile hands decided to shift the furnitures in his brain again. This whole charade made him realize something. He was not as free as he thought from this psychopath. He was still drawn to him. He was a moth craving the warmth and light of the burning flame, like he would starve

without it. His heartbeat pounded faster, even more so when Lecter started to circle around him.

‘Hannibal, I...need your help, please’ he said, his voice ached, his muscles tense against the hard body that poised itself at his back. He couldn’t avoid the bulge in Hannibal’s pants pushing at the small of his back.

‘I am aware...of your *need*, William and it will be my utmost pleasure to help you anyway I can’’ breathed Hannibal, his fingers playing with the edge of his loose shirt. ‘I am pleased you have come to me so...eagerly.’

‘I...haven’t. I came here because there’s a killer out there killing families. It looks as if he doesn’t do betrayal very well and wants to kill you. Isn’t that new?’ snarled Will through clenched teeth. All his gathered composure was drifting away. His breathing was labored and heavy. All that touching made it tough to focus on anything besides those hands, those lips...

Soft breathing lips whispered at the back of his strained neck. Will’s breathing was fast, heat creeping up at the base of his skull as he felt another hand brush his curls away delicately, allowing Hannibal’s eager mouth to lay soft kisses like it was perfectly normal for him to do so.

‘As I’ve not been punched yet, I assume Alana told you of my...price in exchange for my cooperation in your plan. Reckless one, I might add.’ Those lips smiled on his sweaty flesh, suckling at his pulsing point.

‘Oh yes, she did, in great details’ he said sarcastically. Hannibal grinned at that.

He struggled to keep the sounds in and to remain indifferent. Luckily for him, Hannibal didn’t say anything about his current state.

‘I’m genuinely surprised you agreed to my terms.’ Hannibal moved himself graciously from his smaller figure, making sure to buck his hips once against his ass in promise.

His cheeks flushed an angry red at this in which he rebuked: ‘I didn’t’

He couldn’t believe the nerve of this man. He didn’t know if he was more angry at Hannibal actions, or at his body’s betrayal for reacting to Lecter’s palpation.

‘Ahh!’ exclaimed Hannibal as if he just caught on ‘You are to be the sacrificial lamb sent to quench my hunger. Jack has not changed, always ready to throw you away’

Another kiss on his fevered flesh. Another shiver.

‘Perhaps I should give him a basket to thank him for the offering.’ thought Hannibal a loud, which irritated him like crazy.

‘You wouldn’t. You made sure Jack would offer me up on a silver platter no matter what. This was your design’ coldly said Will, biting the inside of his mouth, tasting iron.

‘You are right. I’m rarely one to let a good opportunity pass by sweet Will. Now that your family has abandoned you, there is no reason for you to fight our bond. I also knew you couldn’t stay away for long’ replied Hannibal as his voice rolled in his throat like velvet. His stomach was in a turmoil, flipping. His scar burned under the revering caress of the serial killer’s fingers who found their way under his shirt, before it left all too quickly. He didn’t know how to feel about that, he longed for that touch, that connection.

He couldn't help feel empty when Hannibal went to lean on the side of the table, looking feral and hungry, red lips showing. He patted at the vacant seat next to him, motioning Will to join him.

‘Come. Sit’ the predator ordered, his eyes unreadable.

‘No thanks. I’d rather stay here’

‘It wasn’t a request Will’

He sighed and leaned next to Hannibal as tremors invaded his insides.

Will waits for Hannibal to make some sort of move. He finds himself surprised when nothing comes his way. Hannibal pauses still, except for his keen eyes roaming over Will's enticing form.

Not able to endure this uncomfortable silent anymore, Will turned to the other man with a snicker.

'You're usually so good at taking what you want, what're you waiting for, an invitation?' taunted Will with a snarl. Why make this longer than it had to be? This was killing him!

'You have already agreed to my terms Will, therefore the invitation was already implied. There is nothing wrong with taking in the sight before one indulges in their conquest.'

The brown haired profiler flinched just as the murderer casually brought his palm to his frown.

'There is no words to truly describe you. Your mirror image in my mind palace really doesn't do you justice' Only the pads of Hannibal's fingers finely stroked Will's stubble caringly as if it would break if the pressure wasn't as light as a feather. Will's pupils dilated, green eyes following the cadence of those fingers.

Lost in the sensations, a fog clouded over his eyes in a haze. He was surprised at the sincerity behind the next words he heard.

'I have positively missed you' Hannibal was mesmerized with his prize. He was proud with how Will's cheek twitched ever so slightly from only his touch.

'I...wish I could same the same' whispered under his breath as Hannibal lifted himself from the table to hover in front of him, imposing, raw. He followed the motion as if he were simply a puppet pulled by invisible strings.

Hannibal smelled the sweet aroma of Will's sweat mixed with excitement and nervousness. Will responded so well to him; he wished to see how far he could push the other. Only to coax the most sensual sounds from his Will Graham. He would play him so well, his cock throbbed in enthusiasm.

Hannibal crowded WIll's space. Hannibal was delighted to see WIll's breath hitch as he unbuttoned the dark shirt meticulously, exposing Will's bare chiseled chest to the open air.

Will's fevered flesh burnt upon contact of the cold breeze. His sensitive nipples hardened.

A dark chuckle resonated from Hannibal's chest which made the empath glare in response

'Lying is an appaling trait in an individual's character, Will. One I dislike profoundly in a partner' Those deft fingers kept working Will's shirt open until the very last stronghold was broken.

'So is jealousy Dr. Lecter' said Will, leaving this dark powerful creature crawl all over uncharted territory. This was a low blow, but it was based on the truth. There was no other motive for Hannibal to send the Red Dragon after his family, besides to have the gratification to keep him for himself.

The Ripper had had the pleasure of feasting on his mind, but never his body. It was the only thing he had left; and now, it would be taken from him.

'Aren't we an interesting pair' simpered Hannibal drinking in Will's uncertainties.

Will twisted, hoping to put distance between them, not trusting himself. At this point, Hannibal's hand placed itself protectively at the back of his skull firmly, pulling at his brown curls, while the other probing hand worked effortlessly at his fly.

‘I never...ah….questioned that.’ exhaled Will, reigning in his fleeting emotions. His anxiety level increased as he felt those dextrous fingers fiddle with the zipper, lowering it down, exposing his last shred of privacy. He blushed embarrassed avoiding contact with the man at present scenting at the crook of his neck, the grip on his hair unrelenting.

His cheeks were tinted red, his forehead warm and sweat drenched the fabric of his shirt. He tilted his head back casting his eyesight to the white ceiling leaving Hannibal free reign over his fate, which he did fully, if he was to judge by how Hannibal drank him in, revelling in the power he held over his prey.

His peace didn’t last long before his head was trapped between burning palms, forcing eye contact.

‘Keep your eyes on me Will, I don’t want you going anywhere except where I am’ ordered Hannibal as he lowered himself languorously, forgetting the hard member pushing for freedom against his prison onesie.

All good things came to those who waits, he reminded himself. Will’s unraveling shouldn’t be rushed, but relished.

Will’s heavy breathing drove him mad with desire. The cannibal might not be able to eat his Will, but there were other ways to appreciate human flesh. How he loved burying his nose in that flesh. He could be addicted to the perfume alone. After this, he would have WIll as he had hoped for the first time they met.

‘How convivial must you be to ultimately have me at your mercy, about to consume me, filling me with your...essence. Accepting...this.’ Will said. He held his breath when Hannibal got on his knees, his face inches away from Will’s prominent budge. God how he hated how he felt at this juncture. An apex predator like Hannibal crouched down at his feet made all his blood rush south, his thinking was impaired, he was sure.

‘Are you?’ asked the crouched man who smothered his face at Will’s now very awake cock. The thin layers of fabric providing only a small barrier. Will’s unwanted arousal made Hannibal’s own dick swell in expectation.

‘Of course-AH!’ He failed to stop the high pitched scream from coming out as Hannibal started to suck at his crotch through his boxer. *Fuck!* He wasn’t supposed to like this, he didn’t want this ‘I-ahhh.. wouldn’t be here otherwise. Y-you know that, so just stop playing with your food Hann...ibal’

‘You make the most wonderful of noises, I cannot wait to rip them from you as I fill my mouth with your cock’

‘Fuck, Hanni-’ Lights went off like fireworks inside Will’s brain when in a rough motion, his boxer were dragged down to his knees and wet warmth engulfed him to the hilt.

Hannibal circled his tongue over the length. Will’s painting was music to his ears and reluctantly pulled his mouth away like a pop when Will’s eyes had grown like saucers, his body shaking over the assault.

‘Wha? ’ exclaimed Will. His back pushed unconsciously against the end of the table, digging at his spine. There would be bruises but the pain grounded him in the present.

‘ Ah...Just get this over with dammit!’ Hannibal licked the head with gusto earning him a little twitch.

Will didn’t know what Hannibal wished to accomplish here. Wasn’t he supposed to be the one to...do that sort of thing to him. Not that he complained, he rather liked Hannibal servicing him. For once he was not the vulnerable one. Therefore, he felt obliged to let Hannibal continue his ministrations, while he worked very hard not to show how much he enjoyed the cannibal’s mouth on him.

‘This is a decisive moment for me Will, therefore I would advise not ruining it’ mumbled Hannibal, annoyed by this interruption. He went back to sucking, his cheeks hollowed out to permit full immersion of the large organ currently pulsing in his hot cavern.

‘I beg to differ. God your mouth, it’s too...real. This *feels* too real’’ struggled Will with his words.

Will grasped the fringe of the metallic table in a vice grip, until he couldn't take it anymore and grasped harshly at Hannibal shortened hair and forced him on his sensitive prick. That shut Hannibal up and made him see stars. It had been a while since he had gotten any type of sexual gratification and Hannibal's eager mouth took him so well, he felt guilty at the admittance.

'Ah...I'm...Hannibal I-I'm close. Stop… I can't' panted Will soon to burst. His balls were painfully tight, close to his body. His grip was unrelenting at Hannibal's hair, following the wild rhythm his old friend had set. Hannibal suction grew more intense, rapid. His tip was too precarious, if this didn't stop, he would….would….*urg!*

Barely has a whisper, Hannibal said three last words before Will lost control and spurted all his cum inside the hungry man, while the other gently swallowed all that was offered.

'Cum for me' The man slumped against Hannibal involuntarily, exhausted. His eyelids half closed, he catched hannibal's piercing gaze pinning him in place. Will wasn't prepared for the man's tongue pushing at his lips, tasting himself on the other's mouth. The kiss was short, but a warning for what was to come. Will shuddered at the smugness of his past psychiatrist.

Hannibal was not done yet, and Will would learn to whom he belonged to. Certainly not at Jack Crawford's side, but at his only.

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

There you go! Hope you guys liked! Real smut in the next chapter! That was only a little taste! What Will do, poor him, he is so confused, but Hannibal will make it all better ahah. It's not exactly how I wished that chapter to go alas, it's not that bad :)

Let the right one in

Chapter Summary

Finally, Hannibal and Will gets some action as Will settles a debt.

Chapter Notes

SMUT ENSUES! Comments are welcomed. Sorry for the mistakes but I wrote this late for you my lovelies! Gosh makes me all hot ahah. Hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 3: LET THE RIGHT ONE IN

Having just cum like he had never before, Will's automatic reaction was to deny it ever happened. Therefore, he tried to contain every little physiological reactions that had been taken from him. He leaned weakly, his weight held only by his feeble trembling wrists.

His curls were a mess, sweaty like the rest of his heated flesh. His shoulders were tense with guilt for ever feeling this way. He couldn't hide behind deception and lies anymore, not when he realized his fondness for the man went above intellectual. He had gotten off from Hannibal's blow job, his eagerly swallowed semen was proof of that.

'Hmmm...Thank you for this meal sweet Will...You taste as divine as I'd imagined.' said the cannibal wearing a wicked grin on his face. Hannibal wiped the little drops of cum near the corner of his mouth with the pad of his thumb slowly, forcing eye contact with his prey.

'Well, glad you enjoyed yourself Hannibal' snarled Will, still exhausted. He felt way too warm, and way too exposed. His hand ghosted over his open trousers as if to cover himself which amused the ex psychiatrist immensely.

He was still panting heavily, his chest heaving like he just had ran a marathon. Luckily, his own reflection was hidden from him, because at this instant, he felt debauched.

‘Now now William. What have I said about lying?’ tuted Hannibal, his long finger pointing to Will’s spent penis. Blue eyes widen at the revelation and he frowned.

Will clearly understood what the broad man referred to and found he couldn’t berate him for that. The evidence of his orgasm was evident. The voyeurs on the other side of the surveillance camera and the guards outside could probably attest to it as well, simply by how his orgam had sheken him. He was ashamed of himself and of his current state. Clearly, Hannibal still enjoyed to see him swim in anxiety and squirm in incertitudes.

Sparing a glance at Hannibal’s hovering form, the other didn’t fare better. Although, the large bulge in his grey fitted suit was poking for attention.

No matter if Hannibal had the leash to his collar; he was proud to see he was the reason this impossible man was looking so dishevelled. His ashed blond hair, lay softly on the serial killer’s skull, but were not were combed like they were used to. Now, the other man looked feral and dangerous. Truly, now he saw the beauty behind this individual.

Finally, he got his bearings together after a few breathing exercises. He still didn’t know what game Hannibal was playing; he could not afford to show any...weakness. The last time her hesitated with the other, it had gotten him gutted, Abigail killed and both of his colleagues to the hospital half dead.

‘We done here?’ dismissed Will as he went to zip his pants back up.

He still hoped to see the dragon change Hannibal, and if this is only what was required of him, it would be no hardship for him. Somehow, in the depth of his mind, he knew Hannibal would not let him go, not when an audience looked over their show. Hannibal did love to perform, thriving on attention.

As he was about to move, he wasn’t prepared for the palm that shot out straight for his wrist, blocking the access to his pants. He winced at the pure strength of the grip. Fingers digged

into his skin. Surely, it would leave marks.

‘We’re done when I say we’re done’ threatened the dark creature suddenly standing very close to him.

Hannibal eyes turned a few shades darker, making Will freeze in place. Will forgot what this man was capable of sometimes. The thought of him ever feeling relax with the man rendered him inquisitive. What did that say about him?

‘Let go’ warned Will dangerously ‘You’re hurting me’ He tried to pull from the grip but to no avail. It wouldn’t budge.

‘Thread carefully Will. This can go bad very quickly, therefore I would recommend to remain civil as a courtesy. I don’t believe I have warranted such petulence from you, I have been all but helpful’ reprimanded the cannibal. Fiery eyes pinned him down, but he wouldn’t stand down.

‘ N-no-! No idea?!! You’re so arrogant!!’ shouted Will. He actually managed to startled the other man. Hannibal internally smiled at this new angry Will. With the right shove, his partner would understand.

Had Hannibal no idea what he had gone through since he had met Hannibal. Even behind bars, the older gentleman was still a source of anguish for him. He wanted to hit himself for ever missing this monster or ever wanting this, regardless of his other life choices with his wife. Anger burned bright inside him, his voice loud not caring for the repercussions.

The FBI agent was shoved brutally against the table, his hollowed hip bones grinding hotly on the sharp metal edge. Tears almost made it to the corner of his eye when his dick was squished in the process. It hurted like hell and struggled weakly acrossHannibal’s strong hold. Hannibal had him pinned, he was like a brick wall. Hannibal was bigger and enveloped Will in a tight embrace. It could not be mistaken for love though, annoyance stilled Will as the strong muscular chest pushed him further against the table. He choked out a scream before it came out of his vocal cords.

‘Will…’ exhaled the mouth right next to his ear. Danger dripped from this single word. Hannibal was getting riled up. A fleeting thought of a rescue team conjured itself in his mind, quickly forgotten. He had told no one to come in. Yet, this position didn’t tame his frustration, this old wound.

‘After everything you’ve done? You don’t think I’ve earn the right to be angry at you? Even behind bars, you play games. You sent the freaking tooth fairy after my wife and son because you were what? Jealous?! I can’t-’ I can’t believe I want you! He wanted to say. He stopped himself before saying anything he might regret.

‘I let you go 3 years ago Hannibal… I can’t go through this again. I must separate you from me. I know who am I now, so whatever this is, you do it. But don’t think I will sway to your tune again. So fuck me to your heart’s content Hannibal, because after this… your life as you know it...will end’ he said the whole time through gritted teeth. He was pretty sure he tasted blood inside his mouth.

Instead of feeling more pain, Will felt the grip loosen, but still not letting go of him. He heard a soft chuckle from behind. Trust Lecter to be amused by this, he scuffed, restraining Lecter’s access to his neck. That didn’t stop the vile tongue from licking the underside of his neck, wet warm saliva trailing behind leaving traces that sent shivers through Will’s spine.

‘You know what WIll? You fight too much.’ simply stated Hannibal like he was not molesting Will in front of his colleagues.

‘Is that your professional assessment Doctor Lecter? Must I remind you what a shitty psychiatrist you were and that your license has been revoked’ coldly said Will as his soft curls were pulled sharply from the back, baring his long neck to those eager sharp teeth.

‘If you are trying to hurt my feelings, I assure you, your efforts should better be spent elsewhere’

Hannibal grazed them over the sweaty warm flesh that begged to be eaten. Involuntarily, trapped hips pushed back against the hard erection poking at the small of Will’s back. Both groaned, but both for different reasons.

‘I believe you aren’t as opposed to this as you believe it to be’ A nudge in the right direction. He would have his lamb surrendering himself willingly.

The profiler’s shirt is ripped from his right sleeve. Now, his shirt lays helplessly below his exposed muscular shoulder. A sharp intake of breath sends Will’s mind reeling in a fog of confusion. Damn his hormones. His nipples brushed ever so slightly on the top of his shirt. Hannibal’s fingers knows how to play him. And for him, he is beckoned to sing.

‘ahh..Y-you don’t know me Hann-. I’ve changed’ panted Will as he fet his body betray him.

His prey’s scent was everywhere, and it drove Hannibal crazy. It was intoxicating. Hannibal could smell Will’s apprehension about this, perhaps because they were watched closely, but he knew it was only a matter of time before Will would crack. He knew what buttons to push. He just had to collect himself a little. William just made it hard to focus. No pun intended.

While he trusted absently in a slow pace at Will’s now very naked ass, eliciting beautiful choked sounds from the man below him, he continued:

‘Please indulge me with this. I have missed our conversations’ Hannibal bit Will at his jugular, sensing the pumping blood flow through it. He cried in pain or pleasure. He didn’t know, except he felt his dick twitch.

‘I-fuck...You want ah.. a conversation...now?’ he bit back his snarl. His knees were starting to get weak, and he could feel Lecter spreading his legs little at a time with his slow thrusts, settling in between his thighs.

‘Fine...I-I’ll bite. W-What do-do you see Doctor Lecter?’ Wrong choice of words to give a cannibal. Thin lips napped at his broken skin, feeling them lift into a smirk.

The engorged member at his ass now freed, Will felt the thundering slaps of skin on skin. It felt lewd. Hannibal increased his pace, seeking the delicious friction, with the curves of Will’s buttcheeks surrounding his dick with heat. The painful burn sent lovely sensations through his body. The anticipation was killing him.

‘Will Graham lives in the expectations of others; confined by the society’s regulations. I see the hunger in you Will, the same one I thrive on’

‘I’m not like you, I- ah!’ Hannibal shoved harder. Will’s hips took the brunt of the assault.

Hannibal ignored his plea ‘ No, you are of your own design. You came into your own, but you allow the beast to be caged easily used by Jack and whoever wishes to exploit you’

After enough exploring, fingers shoved themselves inside that gaping mouth. A single order muttered at his sensitive ear ‘Suck’.

Will gagged around the offending phalanges. They slide past his mouth, right to the depth of his vulnerable throat. Saliva dripped from the side of his parted lips. His brown hair was damped, his head hanged low, following the rhythm set by his ringleader. He was lost through the motions.

‘HmmHanni-, Han arg’ his eyes watered as he felt his esophagus clench due to the brutal assault on his mouth. The pain was revigorating. Hannibal’s pull was too strong. Since working the Red Dragon case and his first visit to his ex mentor’s prison, he had fallen to the thralls of this all consuming cannibal. Perhaps, they couldn’t survive separation.

Will responded as expected, Hannibal was proud. He would wait though, until Will asked for this. Accepted him. The prisoner’s dick was throbbing for actual contact, so Hannibal’s free hand yanked one of Will’s hand away from the table, making the man’s facial haired jaw hit the metallic table suddenly, losing his balance altogether.

‘All I’ve ever done was for your own good. Unlike Jack, your well-being was always my main objective. I only wish for you to free the slumbering beast, and let it roam the world alongside mine. We were meant to hunt together, good Will. Let the dragon’s death be our sacrifice and forever leave this mundane life.’ Will’s hand was guided to a throbbing organ which connected with the creek of his ass every once in awhile with conviction.

He didn’t need to be told twice before he circled his frantic fingers over this pulsating cock. He stroked it with purpose, already slicked by the pre cum leaking from the head of this 6 inches cock.God did he want it. His face was flushed, his long forgotten cock now standing proud against his inner thighs.

‘You are frustrated for wanting this. But mostly, you’re angry at Jack for making the decision for you. Otherwise, eventually, you would have come to me of your own volition’ taunted Hannibal, knowing he had made his case.

The edge of the table made him cringe, but the pain grounded him to the present. It made him feel alive. Hannibal brought this sensation in him. All his plan to get his friend changed by the Red Dragon went out the window the minute he decided he wanted this as much as this predator. He belonged by Hannibal’s side; not by Jack. He would be tethered to a post no longer. He would thrive, but not before shedding the skin of this life.

‘Hannibal…I-yes...’ breathed hotly Will, his eyes hooded with lust.

Fuck Jack. Fuck Alana. Fuck the FBI. He wanted that cock inside him, claiming him as an ultimate fuck you to those prying eyes.

Without a moment’s thought, Will shoved Hannibal away from him, but not before grabbing a handful of short hair and pulling those cannibalistic lips against his in a wanton kiss. Hannibal’s cheap cotton suit brushed Will’s open chest. Those strong abs flexed at his navel, while Hannibal’s probing hands roamed free to feel what once was forbidden.

Long strong muscle moved past Will’s lips straight to his hot cavern. They both longed for this moment. It was a dominating kiss, one of passion and of hate. Emotions ran high, and having Will’s pliant mouth on his rendered the killer bolder and rougher.

Both men grinding their erections together, but it wasn’t enough. Hannibal wanted.

Pulling Will’s weight in one go, he forcefully placated him against the plastic glass of his cell. Will was facing the glass while he was pinning the other with his body strength.

Hannibal had made sure their angle was right in front of the camera. Hannibal could imagine their faces right now at seeing their Will taking one for the team and getting fucked by him.

Will barely had time to register anything until his inner thighs were pried open to allow a finger to probe at his quivering hole. He gasped, unsure of this new sensation.

‘God Hannibal! I can’t...fuck I f-fucking w-want this.’ He panted, his hot puff of air fogging the plastic of the cell.

To see Hannibal unhinged brought butterflies to the profiler’s stomach. He could only conjure images of how the man would look under the moonlight. It made his prick impossibly harder.

‘My Will...Our dear Alana has not been kind to me, alas I’m afraid we will have to make this short’

‘Don’t fucking say her name! Hmm-ah!’ Hannibal pushed deeper, going in and out quickly, until it moved to two fingers. It was a tight fit, Will could feel his sphincter stretch beyond capacity. It burned to accomodate so fast. If these were his lover’s fingers, how would it feel to have his dick hitting home.

Overtime, Will started to feel very good, until the fingers were ripped away as fast as they came. Hannibal was out of breath. His rapid hearbeat panged loudly reaching his own in harmony. In this moment, he sensed their merging.

‘ Wh-a?’ exclaimed Will, feeling the loss.

‘Look at them’ He nudge at the beeping red light of the recording camera.

‘Hanni..damn…’

A palm reached Will's face from behind guiding him towards the flare of the camera. Embarrassingly, Will acquiesced with little force. Hannibal mumbled a few words in his ear to later suck the lobe of flesh inside his mouth, biting softly, careful not to harm.

'Language' Hannibal shoved his leaking dick into his crease, sliding dangerously.

'Hannibal I..want' huffed Will, meeting as much as he can those long strokes. His hand goes between his legs to touch himself, but it's fastly slapped away by Hannibal's.

'What do you want Will? I will give it to you gladly, but you must ask for it' ordered Hannibal, not stopping.

More thrust. A tongue at his neck and a nose smelling all he is.

Will's eyes could never have been clearer to Hannibal as soon as he glanced inside that man soul. Will's darkness called to his. Will finally grabbed the man's taunt neck, his nails sharp on Hannibal's shoulder. Fire burned into these turbulent orbs, promising pain.

'To just shut up and fuck me! Mark me Hannibal. Make it hurt so that when I walk out of here, they know who I belong to' growled the empath, begging to have this girth filling him. Not caring if he wasn't prepared enough; he doubted the other would have stopped to wait either.

'Will!' growled the killer, his eyes blood red.

Hannibal's hard prick breached his barriers, making Will cry at the sudden forced penetration. His walls were tight. There was by far not enough lubrication, but at least he could feel his lover inside him. The lines finally blurred.

'You're so tight… warm. Let me in'

‘It hurts...Fuck. P-please!’

Hannibal shushed him, a hand plastered over his wide screaming mouth. Hannibal cringed when teeth clamped hard on his fingers, for sure drawing blood. Knowing his blood would enter Will’s mouth made him shove himself harder. He responded by fucking him roughly in the glass, while Will was squeezed in between those 2 hard places.

‘So open for me...ah..hmm’ groaned Hannibal

To those who didn’t know them, this was brutal, rough without an ounce of love. To them, this was the closest to love as it could get. Hannibal flipped them so he could see Will’s becoming. What he saw was better than any piece of art. This was unique.

‘I ah..ah.ah Feel you...fuck...deep in me...It’s...g-good!! URg... Harder! Come one! Make it hurt Hannibal’ Will was clutching onto his back, while they rocked their hips in tandem. Nails scratching, leaving its own marks.

‘You will cum again from my fucking alone. You will come undone by my hand only, my dear. You’re so tight for me. So good. hmm yess’ silently said a desperately thrusting Hannibal. Luckily for them, there was no sound to the video feed.

‘Ha..please...I...need to..please.don’t..s-stop. I’m so close. Let me..cum...ah..ah God! Yes yes!’ The hollow pang of the plastic against skin ringed into the prison. Their rutting echoing for all who were willing to listen. It was feral, but most of all, liberating.

Will’s legs were now wrapped tightly around his waist, their bodily fluids mixing. The larger man of the two held Will in the air, bouncing against each other.Will’s member bobbed in time with their hard and fast rhythm. Will’s penis head was swollen, his balls hanging tight. Pre cum flowed from the top to the underside of his blood filled organ.

‘You are beautiful my love. Imagine how we will look under the black light of the moonlight as the blood of the Dragon mingles with ours. Only then shall I fill you with my essence, my good Will’

His smaller stature shook with impending orgasm, he could feel it. His balls filled with sperm, ready to burst.

‘Hannibal Hanni...I’m again...fuck...please’ begged Will as he rocked hard, hoping his overstimulated prostate would be hit again.

As Hannibal forced Will’s head back with one hand, while the other grabbed for Will’s throat, cutting his air supply. He angled their position so Alana could see perfectly Will’s surrender, and whispered these three little words that sent Will flying.

‘Unleash the beast’ With one last hit on his prostate, Will’s dick spurted ropes of sticky cum all over his toned stomach and Hannibal’s. Hannibal’s nostrils flared as his essence spilled.

‘Hannibal! Please! Ahhh..’ Hannibal kept pounding into him roughly as he rode out his orgasm for a second time. His chest was heaving, and Will’s limp form at this point, only followed the current. Hannibal let go of his sore throat, his voice coarse.

Enjoying Will’s blissed expression and release was what warned him of his own release.

In one swift motion, Will was thrown on the marbled floor, his knees hitting hard the cold ground. He was too lost to complain to the rough treatment.

‘Stay still’ Will couldn’t do much else except obey. His lovely curls were harshly held in place, carrying his weight as he laid lifelessly, borderlining unconsciousness, in the middle of the room, his dick limp on his inner thighs, with his boxer shorts hooked to his ankle.

‘You’re mine...urg..’

Hannibal palmed himself to completion until his warm sperm hit Will’s face. The first few drops fell onto his messy damped hair and onto his eyelashes. As for the rest, it painted Will’s

parted lips and his half open shirt. Hannibal admired his conquest with pride, until he let Will fall to the floor in a thud.

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A few minutes passed by until Will roused from his dizzy startled state. His tongue swiped some of the drying cum on his face. He found the taste to be likable. There was no going back now. He propped himself on his elbows and trembled with the aftershock of such intense activity. He could feel the man's smile at the other side, he found he didn't care.

Will tried to fix his messed up shirt, minus a few buttons missing and gathered his boxers and pants up.

'I trust we can count on you to honor your word Hannibal' calmly said Will as he looked sharply in the doctor's direction. The man was already dressed as if nothing had happened, well except perhaps the wet patches on the man's onesie.

Hannibal was leaning on the table, cockily, where moments before he had received one of the best blowjobs of his life. His body was sore and probably bruised and cut.

'I always keep my promises Will, hopefully you will honor yours too. We both know we don't deal well with betrayals.'

'Goodbye Doctor Lecter...GUARDS!' yelled Will, sparing one last glance at his partner in crime before the cavalry arrived. Before Will was carried out of the cell, he heard Hannibal call to him.

'You have performed marvelously, dear Will. You may tell Jack thank you for this wonderful opportunity!' he said, dismissing Will, never seeing the ghost of a smile upon his bruised lips.

'Goodbye Will' he says seeing his Will strode away coldly towards freedom.

Soon both would be reunited. All he had to wait for was for the Great Dragon to do his part.

Chapter End Notes

Here it was the super sexual moment! Hope you liked it as much as me! comments are welcomed as well as kudos. Thanks for all the love!!! xxx

Hooked, Line, and sinker!

Chapter Summary

The final extra chapter I added that would lead to what happened later in the season.

Chapter Notes

There you have it all done! Hope you like this tiny chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER 4

As soon as he got out of Hannibal's glass prison, two figures were waiting for him in the corridor of the Baltimore hospital for the criminally insane. The white hall was making him sick, bringing bad memories from his time as an inmate. He shoved that feeling at the back of his skull and kept on walking.

This felt extremely humiliating. For security reasons and perhaps lack of trust on Jack's side, he was warned that they would closely monitor the exchange, which didn't make him any less self conscious. Still, Jack had been right to question his motives.

Alana's pitiful gaze didn't go unnoticed. He didn't need his empathy disorder to feel the wash of guilt he got from her. Maybe he felt a little guilty too for enjoying his exchange with the man who framed him for murder. Warmth creeped up at the back of his bruised neck as the memory of Lecter pleasuring him while making him look at the camera, came back to the front of mind. He walked a little faster.

He limped his way passed Alana and Jack, barely sparing a look towards them. His head hung low, his breathing labored. He had no illusion of what he looked like when remembering all the claim marks his body sported. It did not help that his shirt had been destroyed and that his face was still spotting dry cum. He was glad for Alana's fast thinking for closing down this aisle of the hospital. Small mercies.

Only a cold ‘it’s done’ left Will’s chapped lips. Hannibal honored his words and would gladly be bait to the Dragon if it meant more time in his proximity.

He didn’t want anything to do with that man. Hannibal was right, Jack didn’t know boundaries, making him shockingly rude.

Unfortunately, only his female friend had the decency to leave him be. As for the big burly man, he followed after Will, grabbing his left wrist and pulling it back forcefully. Will winced in shock at the sudden movement. He staggered in his pace, halting in his tracks.

‘ Hey!’ shouted the short grey hair man in a stern voice, which rooted the ex profiler to his spot. ‘Well done. You did what needed to-’

Nothing prepared Jack for what came next. The curly brown hair man couldn't stop his right hook from hitting the side of the other man’s fat cheek. Rage fuelled in his blood, burning in his veins; the retired man saw red. He wanted to wring his neck with his hands, feeling Jack’s pulse flutter slowly, life draining from his eyes. He certainly deserved it, perhaps he’d get his wish.

If Alana was shocked, she did not show it and remained at the back of the hall, leaving Will with his own revenge.

Large brown fingers grazed against cut flesh, spatters of blood disappearing under dark skin. Will nurtured his bruised fingers, bringing it close to his body; his fiery orbs unrelenting in their assault.

‘Guess I deserved that’ he mumbled, regaining his posture.

This angered Will even more. He bit his lip, making it bleed upon impact, his jaw shut, teeth grinded against bone.

‘You deserve more than that Jack. You’re lucky that’s all you're getting, because frankly, I’m tired of been treated as a freaking object’

Jack was taken aback, wide hazel eyes locking with blue ones’ Excuse me?’

‘ I’m done with you! You ruined my life, my marriage and my fucking sanity. I’m seeing this last thing through, and that’s it. I never wanna hear from you, ever or I swear…’ he stopped, trying to reign in the turmoil inside him. Staying around too long this place was getting him fidgety.

‘Or what?’ taunted Jack equally frustrated.

‘You might regret asking me that. I quit! Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’d like a hot shower. I reek of sex and that trap won’t set itself’ said nonchalantly Will, while his words dripped with venom. He was exhausted, he just wanted this to be over and Jack to leave him be. Guess he couldn't be that lucky.

Jack lunged at Will and grasped his collar in his broad hands. His furrowed eyebrows plied in rage. ‘You don’t get to quit. You came back to do a job, or as Lecter fucked your convictions away as well as your ass’

Jack should have shut his mouth and kept quiet. With newfound strength, he pushed the large imposing figure off of him, who then tripped over his own feet. Another fist jabbed his nose,momentarily stunning the offending beast.

‘ HOW FUCKING DARE YOU?! That’s low, even for you Jack! You made sure I had no other option in this matter. At least this time, I came back away with my life’ and a new perspective of what I have to do was left unsaid.

‘You didn’t have to come back and help, but you did regardless!!’ shouted Jack.

Will bared his teeth in challenge: ‘ Yes, because you knew I could not say no! You even got my wife involved when I left for a freaking reason. You’ve always followed the same pattern’ He quickened his steps, his fingers rearranging his fumbled shirt ‘ I’m done with your shit Jack! After this, whatever happens, don’t expect me to crawl back to you like a sad puppy, so congratulations Jack, you finally pushed me to my limits.’

Swiftly, in a last attempt, Jack rushed and blocked his path. If looks could kill, the black FBI agent would have frozen in place, dead. Will was irritated beyond belief.

‘You’re not leaving until I say you do, understand?

‘Jack…’ he whispered in a low threatening voice ‘ Let me pass’ His tone left no place for argument. ‘or I’ll make you move’ Will would make his way out, no matter how. Murderous rage rushed through his veins, inflaming his brain; not with a disease, but with an intent to kill.

Understanding the ferocity behind Will’s words, he side stepped to let him walk away. ‘ You’ll regret this Will…’

‘ Perhaps, but I won’t be alone’ Jack’s pupils fogged in confusion. Will made sure this man was aware of his role in all this

‘ Hannibal might have been the one to actually gutt me with a knife, but you’re the one who gave him the weapon to do it. I really hope our paths don’t cross again, or Hannibal Lecter won’t be the sole problem in your hands. Goodbye Jack’ He never looked behind, his resolve finally acknowledged and embraced. Today was the day Hannibal Lecter would escape the clutches of the FBI and the Red Dragon would meet its end.

Chapter End Notes

Finished! Yeah for Hannigram murder husbands. About time will got some sense knocked into him...or dick :P

End Notes

Thanks for reading. Comments are welcomed!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!